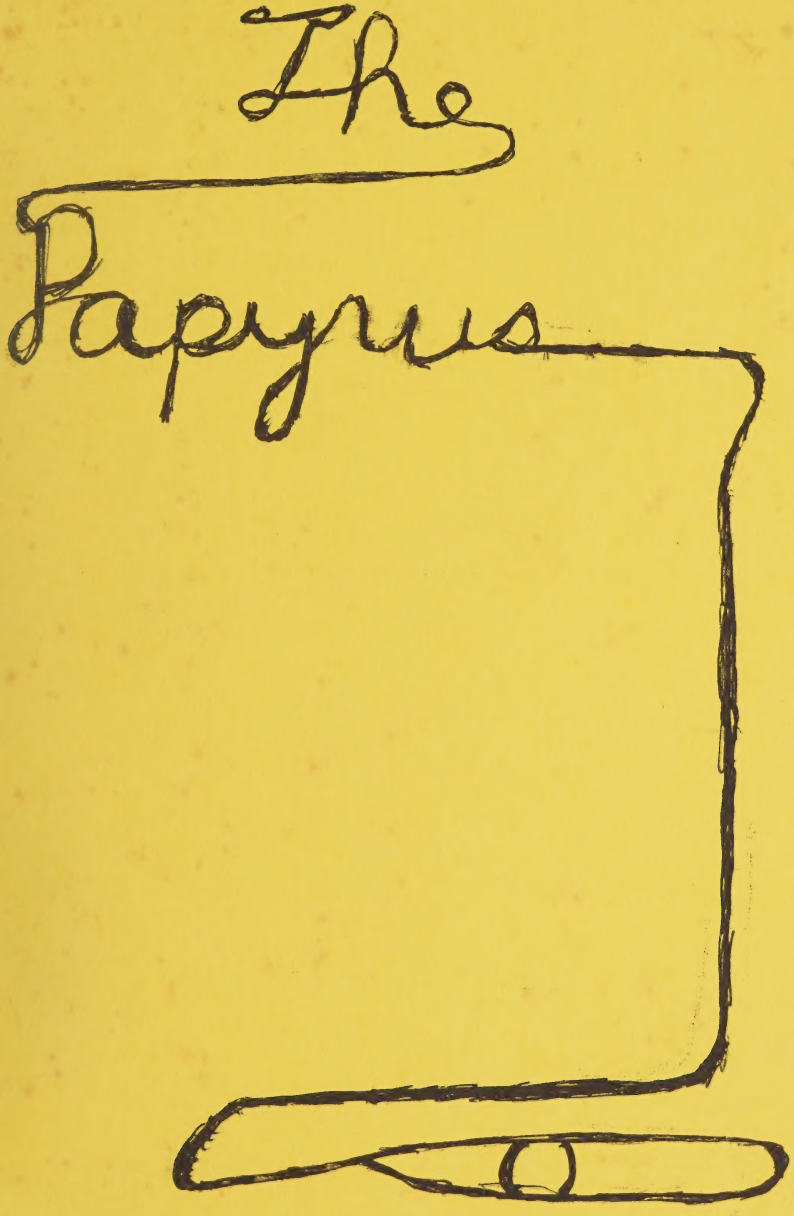
The Papyrus



THE PAPYRUS

Peace College May 1964

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FOREWORD

It has been some years since Peace College last published a literary magazine, although creative work has occasionally been published in the Peace Times. This year the Papyrus Club has attempted to revive the magazine by inviting entries, through an announcement made in the Times, from the entire student body.

The club hopes that this small beginning will initiate a greater interest in creative writing and that this publication will become an annual tradition.

DAWN

by Susan Harris

The sun's rays spread among the crevices
of the earth,
Grasping the chill of night with warm
smooth hands.
The dark cannot escape.
Between the trees and vines, the tangled
undergrowth of the world,
The light seeks out the dark--
Choking it till the breath of life is
gone.
The dark of night dies.
At its passing the earth is reborn in
a blaze of the sun's glory.

THE SPIDER WEB

by Betsy King

I spied you, all glistening
In the dewy freshness of morning.
You looked so delicate and fragile,
Yet, so strong.
Each shimmering thread perfect,
Complete in beauty.
I touched you; I touched God.

THE BABYSITTER

by Miriam Dorsey

She was coming tonight! At eight o'clock. The little boy was so excited that he could hardly eat his supper. "Eat your supper, son, and stop playing with it or else you'll be hungry later tonight," his mother pleaded.

"Yes ma'am."

Now he knew what he would do. He would paint her a picture--the most beautiful picture in the entire world! Obsessed with this thought, he jumped down from the table with "Excuse me, please, I enjoyed the dinner," and set

right to work. Something bright... Red! A drum? No, not for her. A British soldier? Yes, that will be nice. He worked and worked so hard on that soldier...There! The master craftsman held his work a little to the side and viewed it from every angle. "Perfect," he declared aloud.

The doorbell rang. Mother brought her into the den and introduced her to him, explaining with a soft smile, "He has a surprise for you--a picture. He painted it all by himself."

"What a beautiful picture! Did you learn to paint at school? I wish

I could paint like that, and you're only ten too!"

"Thanks. It's for you. I want to be an artist when I grow up so I can paint all the time. My daddy teaches art, you know."

"Yes, and I should think it would be fun to paint all the time. Is that a picture of you? I thought so. The soldier has blond hair and brown eyes and stands up straight and tall just as you do."

She was nice. He read her a story, another, then another. At her request he played his recital piece on the old

upright piano in the corner. Too soon, it was bedtime.

* * * *

"How did you like her? How was last night?" his mother inquired anxiously.

"Fine," he replied, answering both questions at once. "I liked her; she liked my picture."

"You mean the soldier. Good. Have you done your work this morning?"

"No ma'am." Relunctantly he swept the porch and went outside to empty the trash. On his way out a bright blotch of color caught his

attention. Upon reaching his destination, he bent and pulled the bright spot from its container. Slowly he unfolded the crumpled sheet. "Please don't let it be," he whimpered. It was torn and almost unrecognizable, but still blazing red.

JAPANESE HAIKUS

The sea foamy and white
Slides her fingers along the shore
And rushes back for more.

by Barbara Barker

Diamonds, sparkling
early on all creation...
dropped from God's fingers.

by Betsy King

MIRACLE

Softly while I sleep,
Enshrouding the dead world, so...
Comes the first snowfall.

by Lynn Mitchell

Who would have thought that
Such soft beauty could come from
An ugly cocoon?

by Gwen Shaw

I thought I had you
but, gone through windows of my
hands...my butterfly.

by Betsy King

DISLLUSIONMENT

When what was is not,
Pieces of ideas, dreams, and thoughts
Make up the whole world.

by Lynn Mitchell

Tiny creatures, hard
at work, suddenly squashed by
little boys at play.

by Betsy King

COFFEE BREAK

With unknowing minds
They sip Sanka, puff their pipes,
Glance at the headlines...

by Janice Young

THE GOLDFISH BOWL

by Bebe Grady

Life for me is a goldfish bowl that
I long to enter.
I want to turn into a feeling, loving
goldfish
And swim through the feedings, the
hatchings, and the narrow escapes
from the kitty
In a warm fellowship of goldfish, with
one special goldfish always at
my side.
I have the heart and soul of a goldfish.

Once I put my foot into the water. I
was thrilled as I felt it becoming
a fin.
I've made it, I thought--but then a
hostile goldfish
Gnashed my toe, and my halfway fin was
again a foot,
Out of place in the water, making it
muddy,
So I took it out, defeated.

Now I keep a constant, ravenous vigil
beside the bowl,
Hoping and praying for the day when
Some rare goldfish will see my anxious
stare and, understanding,

Will come to me and take my hand and
Teach me to swim in the glorious
goldfish bowl.

I ENVY THE WIND

by Mary Jo Hester

Blow, strong wind, blow and roar,
Flow, calm breeze, gently soar.
The earth is thy playground, boundless
and free--
How I wish there were no barriers
for me!
To ride the clouds, to dance the land,
To be a completely free, free man,
Is my ideal, my only aim.

THE CYCLE

by Nancy Coleman

The wind, stars, and moon
Shout out on each breaking wave,
And yet,
A certain stillness rides in on each
breaker
Like an expert surfer
Almost reaching the sand
And when it hits, the stillness
Creeps back out,
Ready to start again,
Taking the surfer,
On its repeated journey.

THE BIG DAY

by Lynn Mitchell

When it's cold the stars look like so many big chunks of ice, but when it is warm they are more like diamonds.

It was six months ago when John and I realized how much we meant to each other. Since then we have been waiting for this time until now it is almost here...

Oh, I can imagine how it will all be. Actually I would like a simpler ceremony, but my family is prominent in this town, and everyone will be expecting something big and impressive.

The organist will be playing one of those preludes without individuality that precede so many Christian ceremonies. There will be plenty of those tall, white, spectral-looking candles and so many flowers that the sanctuary will look like a jungle. Everyone will be there whispering expectantly and looking around to see what everyone else has on...

Of course, Mrs. Caudwell will be there on the front row; she wouldn't want to miss this. My sorority sisters will sit in a body--on the verge of premeditated tears. Even the girls I didn't particularly know or like will put in an appearance.

I'm afraid Father will be rather upset by it all. He'll be crying and saying, "Oh, I've lost my baby. I've lost my little girl." (Well, I'm no longer his little girl. At least John knows that.)

Reverend Cavindish will officiate and I do hope he doesn't bungle it as he usually does...

Everyone will be staring at poor John, watching to see how he reacts when he sees me. John is so sweet and sentimental and of course I love him for it--but I do hope he doesn't show more than the proper amount of emotion.

Then at last I will start down the aisle in my long white dress, with

every hair in place and my hands demurely clasped around my bouquet. I must remember to wear a serene smile for the occasion--not the young earnest look, that's more appropriate for graduations.

I know it sounds vain to say it, but they will all think, "How pretty she is"--a few may even be so ill-bred as to gasp.

Yes, it will be very impressive, and there won't be a dry eye when Reverend Cavindish finishes with--"In the midst of life, we are in death..."

GRANDMOTHER

by Bebe Grady

The youth who fears becoming old
Has not encountered one I know--
A lady whose years of eighty and three
Have brought her the freshness of
new fallen snow.

Her youth is not in her rippled skin
Nor in her fading midnight hair,
But from her lips a springtime voice
Turns somersaults without a care.

THE CLOCK

by Pat Jenkins

life goes on...
tick-tock, tick-tock;
Don't you hear the ageless clock?
We thought the world would end
today,
We thought it would, and then we prayed.
You are still here and so am I
And so are the trees, and so is the sky,
And so is the earth so drenched
with rain;
And so is our sorrow and so is our pain.

life goes on...
tick-tock, tick-tock;
I can hear the knowing clock.

In dying in that martyred way
He gave our nation strength today;
It's hidden now in grief and tears
But we'll recall in later years
How by his death his battle was won,
How in his grave he makes us one.

And life goes on...
tick-tock, tick-tock;
Let me forever hear that clock,
Let me forget never my personal grief
For intense sorrow is all too brief.

As life goes on...
tick-tock, tick-tock;
Let me in eternity still hear the clock.

TO JOE

by Mary Jo Hester

There once was a man, an ordinary man,
who went by the name of Joe.
One never saw him without the tools of
his trade--a scyth, a spade, and
a hoe.
Fifty years had he labored with the
soil of the earth;
Seemed he was a farmer since the day
of his birth.
His crops of golden wheat, the finest
of grain,
He planted with precision and the
utmost pain.

The giant green tobacco plants towered
over his head;
"Just like Jack's beanstalk," the old
man had said.
Everyone marvelled at Joe's gift, a
green thumb,
But only with practice did this
so-called gift come.
To be close to nature was Joe's delight,
To see the green pastures in the
still of the night.
Now Joe's even closer to nature and God;
He has turned to dust and mixed with
the sod.

WHY?

by Terrell Seawell

The seasons come and go,
Fall becomes winter,
Winter turns to spring,
And spring to summer--
All are part of life
And all are mine.
They, too, belong to you.
I see the trees,
I smell the fragrance of a rose,
And I marvel at distant stars--
My stars, because I am man,
And likewise yours.
I know birth;

I feel the suffering of death;
And as man I question life.
This earth and all it holds are given
to me,
The same to you are given,
But it is not the same--
For I am black.

LOVE IS THE ANSWER

by Bebe Grady

If life is a math problem then love
is the answer--
But how do you solve for love?
When do you add a smile or subtract
a word?
When do you multiply a kiss or divide
an embrace?
How do you square moonlit evenings,
And how do you cube the stars?

PEACE

by Mary Jo Hester

The hour of quiet steals softly over us now as rest, sweet repose, comes to lift the burden of weariness. For a few sweet hours the cares of the world are forgotten--for a few precious moments nought mars the simple beauty of sleep, save the dreams of whimsy and fantasy. In our rushed world of speed and motion, tension and excitement, sleep, like death, is the great equalizer. No one is left outside her grasp--she claims all and for those few dear hours the world is at peace.